I Got The Power

My click is in it til it's over, never sober Bustin' over, lay in the lane with the 'caine in the Rover Pray to Jehovah, for the nigga with the Ruger The young Don, the Heron mover You know my hustle, I bring the fo' pound to the tussle Motherfuck your pit with no muzzle So chill cuzo, let me blow for my niggas Runnin' round, get down like motherfuckin' gorillas Shorty bop the wolop, in the spot with the dollop Pot full of acid, I got the game mastered Move dimes, hit twenties addicted to gettin' money It could be a hundred degrees and never look sunny Black I'm tryin' to live, somethin got to give But everyday's the same old, runnin from po-po Mom think I'm loco, cause I sell crack and puff cocoa Yo, it's the style see it's still the same And when worse comes to worse, I steal the 'ciane Papi know my face, so he don't expect it Runnin' from the gutter so he gots to accept it Stripped his ass naked, then I put a slug in him He just another motherfucker, ain't no love in him I put a bug in him, never sleep on one who never slept I take my last breath every time I hit the meth It's the D to the E, M to the O N Blowin', steady playin' shotgun, throwin' Don't you see the shorty with the baseball cap Don't make me flip motherfucker with this baseball bat Best to brace yo' gat, 'fore I brace mine, cause I lace nine From yo' dome to yo' motherfuckin spine

I be, that nigga that yo' niggas can't fuck wit That nigga that yo' bitches wanna creep wit That nigga that you can't get along wit Playa hate but you wanna do a song wit That nigga that you see in the videos That nigga with the jewels and the jiggy hoes That nigga that'll die for his main man That nigga with the gettin' money game plan

Haven't you heard that Bad Boys move in silence yet? When you increase the peace, the mo' wild it get I'm only sizin' you niggas from the waist up And I ain't, wettin' no parts you can't touch with makeup Mr. Jacob without the Ladder It don't matter clap your wake up and do a shakeup Nobody badder, since the, baby finksta I was in the playpen wai-tin for kids to enter Shit I even blitz the rich to get chips Housekeeper disguised with the nine bubble grip Extra clip in the vacuum if I slip Room service ring the alarm and get the bomb Blown the hall pearl wide been long gone Plus I got the power to ram shack, you dig that? Worldwide while you simply thug where you live at

I be, that nigga that yo' niggas can't fuck wit That nigga that yo' bitches wanna creep wit

Diddy

That nigga that you can't get along wit Playa hate but you wanna do a song wit That nigga that you see in the videos That nigga with the jewels and the jiggy hoes That nigga that'll die for his main man That nigga with the gettin money game plan

You don't really wanna get involved, With the L-O-X car-tellers, Goodfellas, That's who we are You can't outsell us, it ain't shit you could tell us Jealous dog, cause we spread like relish Bad Boys, and we all eat together When it go down, then we draw heat together Since I made the connection with the big man I done got big plans, to be a little nigga in the big Land Ghetto star, presidential all gift wrapped And what you call weight? I know cats who sniff that Enjoy life, what are you sayin'? If the DA ain't got a nigga payin', papi got him weighin' Anything to do with money you can count J in Next time we bring it to these fagots we ain't playin' Cream of the crop, and we ain't never gon' stop Hittin' you in your head with that butter from The Lox

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